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Her Resting Place



11 0 2

Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

And so, she stood, gazing upon that wretched mound of dirt. A damp swell of dirt, nothing more, in the eyes of those who passed. Flower petals, , hopelessly lost from their former buds, pressed into the soft upturned soil, leaving their delicate mark. A wretched mound. And to think, only hours before, this poor excuse of a "housing facility" wouldn't have been needed, if it weren't for her own stupidity. Madness, in its divinest sense, lived here. In her darkest hour she lied there, stone-faced in her unnerving tranquility. Sanity-- if there were ever such a thing-- had fed her existence. *She* had fled her existence. This was her mound-- her hole. This was all she was meant to be-- an unrecognizable being stuffed into a poorly made grave. Forgotten and neglected-- only the remnants of withering flowers signifying her life. She stood, pale and translucent, gazing upon that wretched mound, and she was repulsed.

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